

*The Historie of*

*Prince. Come hither Francis.*

*Francis. My Lord.*

*Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?*

*Francis. Forsooth fve yeares, and as much as to*

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis. Anone, anone sir.*

*Prince. Fve yeares, ber lady a long lease for the clincking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?*

*Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.*

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis. Anone sir.*

*Prince. How old art thou, Francis?*

*Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be*

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.*

*Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, wast not?*

*Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.*

*Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.*

*Poines. Francis.*

*Francis. Anone, anone.*

*Prince. Anone Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurseday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.*

*Francis. My Lord.*

*Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?*

*Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?*

*Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.*

*Francis. What sir;*

*Poines. Francis.*

*Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?*

*¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Vint. VVhat, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to the Ghesles within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?*

*Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: Poines.*

*Poines. Anone, anone sir.*

*Enter Poines.*

*Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theenes, are at the doore, shall we be merry?*

*Poin. A merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?*

*Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of Goodman Adam, to the pupell age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?*

*Francis. Anone, anone sir.*

*Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percys mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some sixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answeres, some forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Branne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riuo, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.*

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poines. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?*

*Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance to, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?*

*Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.*

*D 3.*

*Falst.*